THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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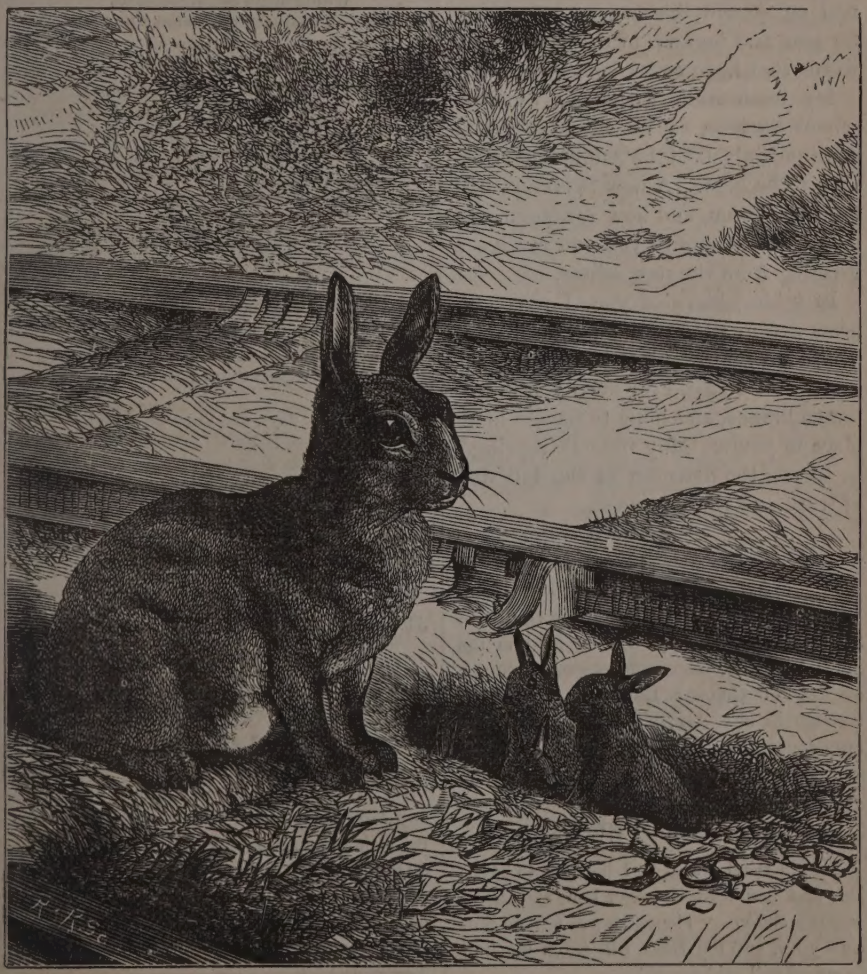


THE RABBITS' HOME.

THE EDITOR'S "FAREWELL."

Dear Dayspring Readers:

FOR four years it has been my privilege to make up for you, monthly, this magazine. In doing this I have found real enjoyment, because of my liking for you, and because of the many kind words that have come from you to me.

My connection with the Sunday-school Society, as its Secretary, will continue only until the Annual Meeting, soon to be held. A new Secretary will then be chosen, and new arrangements made. Next month you will receive a greeting from the new editor.

In taking leave of you, I must express my great desire for your happiness, for your growth in knowledge and goodness. I shall ever keep you in my remembrance, and hope to have a little place in yours. May the "Dayspring" be to you the dawning of the full day of truth and righteousness.

JOHN KNEELAND.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE next Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society will be held in the Second Church, Boston, commencing on the evening of October 12th, and continuing through the next day. There will be a large attendance of teachers and superintendents, and many good things will be said and done.

A DOUBLE GIFT.

AN old Hindu, who had become a Christian, first had a Bible given him, and afterwards a clock. "The clock will tell me how time goes, and the Bible will teach me how to spend it," said the old man.

AUTUMNAL HYMN.

FATHER! whose hand hath made
Forest and grove and glade,
Mountain and plain;
While earth and sky and sea
Pour forth their praise to thee,
With grateful hearts would we
Join their glad strain!

Maker of Heaven and Earth!
Thou thy dear children's mirth
With joy dost see!
Thou in each bosom art;
In all true joy hast part;
Drawing each human heart
Upward to thee!

God of the rolling year!
Who dost all seasons cheer
With thy kind care!
Thine was the summer's balm;
Thine is the autumnal calm,
Which, like a silent psalm,
Breathes through the air!

Hours, days, and years are thine!
Thy love makes all to shine
With deathless light;—
Lord, on our fleeting days
Shed these immortal rays,
Till Heaven's pure morning blaze
Break on our sight!

C. T. B.

JEWISH LADIES AT THEIR TOILET.

THE first thing that would have struck us, in examining the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady, would have been the quantity of dresses. In this great age of simplicity such a thing would naturally astonish us. Hebrew women were, indeed, fond of dress, and the luxury amongst them manifested in the richness and variety of dresses, and the quantity of ornaments and jewelry, was soon carried to such an extent that it became necessary to protest against it. There is no doubt that, as the intercourse between the Jewish and other nations increased, the ladies

felt no longer satisfied with the primitive simplicity. The fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phœnicians, and the luxurious Persians, were soon eagerly sought after and reproduced. Even patient Job got impatient at the dresses; and all of us have read that magnificent, bold denunciation of Isaiah, as with withering sarcasm he denounces the "women of the period" living for nothing else but dress and flirtation, and having but one desire, "to see and to be seen." Now, look first at the under-garment: Ketonet tunica. It was worn by men and women; but, of course, women had things made of the very best material. It was made of wool or linen, white or blue, now and then striped, and afterwards — thanks to the Persians — of a silky material.

The Eastern dresses are very far from being close fits; and the Ketonet was at first a loose garment, without sleeves, reaching down to the knees. But the Ketonet became gradually tighter. The Persians, who were the dandies of the old world, wore them of considerable length; but not every one could afford this additional expense. It is supposed that the poor wore no other dress except the Ketonet. The second article to be found in the garde-robe of wealthy people was the sadijn, translated fine linen in our version of the third chapter of Isaiah. I suppose that it was worn over the Ketonet. In the fourteenth chapter of the book of Judges, the same Hebrew word is translated differently. Thirdly, some ladies wore a second under-garment, a long wide tunica, with or without arms, known amongst the Greeks and Romans, and worn also by the Phœnicians. It was made of costly material, and richly inwoven with flowers and figures. The part around the neck was covered with ornaments, the flowers were generally of the darkest purple, and the borders were trimmed with gold and brilliant colors. Next came the girdle to keep up the dress, so much thought of amongst all the nations of antiquity. It was made of different materials, according to the taste, or rather the purse, of the owner. The common girdles were of leather, and very narrow. Some were of silk or gold, and ornamented with silver buckles; they were worn round the loins; women wore them lower and more loosely than men. Small bottles with scent were often fastened to the girdle, and sometimes also an elegant pocket, in which money or things of value were kept.

The last piece of clothing I shall mention is the upper garment, a long, wide mantle, with a train that would delight our Western ladies. It seems to have been originally a square piece of cloth, somewhat like a big shawl. At first it was made of camel's hair, afterwards it was made of cotton. Those worn in the summer were of a light material, like our muslin, whilst for those in use during the winter a thicker material was generally chosen. The simlah was useful and ornamental. It was often used as a carpet, or as a covering during the night. Hence the law of Moses, which regulated several things, — for instance, that no mixture of cotton and wool should be used in the making of materials, — commanded that if a man through poverty pledged his mantle it should be restored to him after sunset. The simlah was fastened with golden pins to the shoulders, whence it fell in graceful folds over the other garments. Some of the mantles must have been splendid; as I said before, the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady w s well filled. In the book of Judges, the then living girls are thus described by Deborah: "A prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle work." "Her clothing is silk and purple," says Lemuel. The Phœnicians excelled in weaving and dyeing, and were well noted

for their dark blue and their purple. The Persians were noted for their silk. There is no doubt that the Hebrew ladies owed to them some of their most magnificent dresses. —*Saint Paul's.*

THE CASTAWAYS.

A STORY FOR BOYS, BY UNCLE NAT.

ON a bright Sunday morning in August, two lads about fourteen years old met near the shore in a little sea-side town in Massachusetts. One was neatly dressed; but the other wore an old tarpaulin hat and a red shirt, and had turned his trowsers up above his ankles. The following conversation will introduce them to the reader, and explain their errands.

"Hullo, Lyman! Where are you bound?"

"I'm going down to Macy's wharf?"

"Can't you come with me? You'll have a jolly time. I helped old Witham to clean his fish and pick up drift-wood yesterday afternoon, and he said I could take the 'Lively Polly' to-day, because he don't use her Sundays. I've borrowed this tarpaulin and put on this red shirt, so as to look like an old salt. Witham won't let me have the sail, for fear I'll capsize; but I'm not going to row far, for I've hid a big shawl and some sticks and ropes on Conant's Point, and you see if I don't have a sail rigged as soon as I'm out of sight."

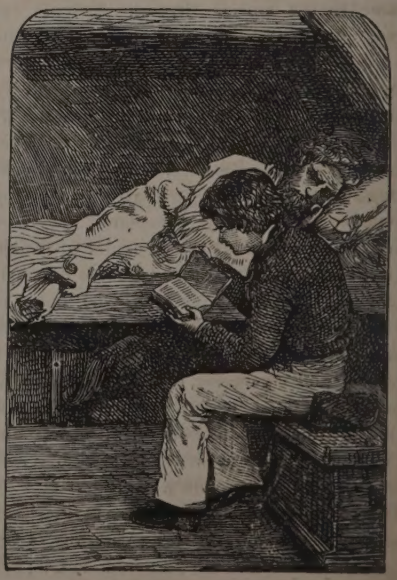
"I can't go to-day, Tom, for two good reasons. One is because 'tis Sunday, and another is that I wouldn't help you cheat an old man who has done you a favor."

"Oh, bah! he won't care. I could find somebody who isn't so squeamish as you; but I wish you'd come, because you're a good hand in a boat. I'll leave out the sail to please you. You can't find any thing else to do, because there's no Sunday school or church until September."

"I'd rather read."

"So would I, if I could get hold of some books about Indians or pirates; but I don't like to read about good little boys who roll up their eyes and talk solemn, and never hook jack. What are you going to do on the wharf?"

"I'm going aboard of the brig 'Sea Gull.' One of Captain Baker's sailors fell down a hatchway as he was coming into port, and hurt his back. I went down to see him with father, who was a school-mate of his; and since then I've been every day to read to him, and he in return tells me about the wonders he has seen. To-day he wanted me to bring a Testament."



"I'd like his sea-yarns, I suppose; but I don't care for the reading. Hullo! there's Billy White. I'll try him!" and off ran Tom, without further ceremony, leaving Lyman James to go on his errand of mercy.

Tom Lardner had better luck with Billy; for the latter was a little fellow of ten years, and had been left at home under very trying circumstances. It appears that his mother, who was a poor widow, had been invited by Deacon Bills to ride over to a camp-meeting and spend the day; and, as there was no room for Billy, he had been left to watch the house, under strict orders not to go in swimming. On further inquiry, Tom discovered that Mrs. White had set out Billy's dinner and hid the key under the mat. This was good news for Tom; because he wanted to stay out as long as possible, and had only managed to save some bits from his supper and breakfast, and to add a slice of raw ham and two sea biscuits, which supplies he knew were barely enough for himself.

As Billy had doubts whether his mother would approve his way of watching the house and spending the day while she was at meeting, Tom carried the bundle of eatables over to Conant's Point in the boat; and Billy walked over, with the understanding that he was to be landed at the same place in the course of the afternoon, and then he could steal home without having been seen in the boat.

There were some clouds gathering in the sky, and the fisherman warned Tom to keep close in shore, to which warning he promptly answered, "Yes, sir," mentally resolving, however, to follow the shore a long distance before nightfall. As a consequence, noontime found them many miles from home, scudding merrily before the wind, with a shawl for a sail, an oar for a mast, and the other oar for a rudder. The sea air made them hungry, and they had already eaten all their provisions. Suddenly the sky began to turn black and the wind grew stronger. These threatening appearances warned Tom that it might be best to turn homeward; but, to his dismay, he found that his sail would work only in one direction. This was a dismal prospect; for Billy could not row, and Tom would have to pull the whole distance home, — a task which he knew would keep him busy until late in the night, considering the speed at which they had been sailing.

With these thoughts, he hastened to take in sail; but now he found himself in a still worse plight, for the oar had become swollen with spray, and was so firmly set that he could not lift it out. He would have cut the ropes loose at the bottom, but he knew that would only render the boat harder to govern; so he had no other course than to stick to his seat, afraid to leave it for fear the boat would capsize. The wind had slightly changed, and each minute found them further from the shore, tossing on higher waves, and driven by a wind that was fast becoming a tempest. Poor Tom! he bitterly rued his folly and deceit; and Billy, too, thinking of his poor widowed mother, lay down on the bottom of the boat crying, and was soon suffering from sea-sickness. Tom was at his wit's end; but he kept as close in shore as the wind would allow, and tried to study out some plan of escape. Suddenly he spied a little island far in the distance, and at the same moment a happy thought occurred to him. Throwing his jackknife to Billy, he urged him to cut the wood away around the mast as fast as he could. In this way it might be loose by the time they got near the island, and he could then row ashore in case the wind threatened to sweep them past.

It happened as he had feared; but the fingers of Billy had not been idle, and, just

as they came nearest to land, Tom sprang forward, and the two lads, by a mighty effort, lifted the mast out of its place, and it came down with a heavy thump on the bottom of the boat. Tom was back in his seat in an instant; while Billy, acting under his orders, hastened to cut the oar clear from the ropes.

"Billy," said Tom, as he seized both oars, "Can you swim?"

"Yes, in smooth water."

"Then, Billy, you must take off your jacket and shoes, and be ready to swim if the boat fills."

"She's filling now!" cried Billy in alarm. Sure enough, the mast in falling had started a seam in the bottom of the boat.

"Then, Billy, you must bale as fast as you can; but stick to the boat, she won't sink," cried Tom, rowing furiously and delighted to see that they were approaching the shore.

In a few minutes more an immense wave swept them high upon the beach, where they escaped, with some bruises. Billy would have been carried away by the undertow, but Tom caught him by the leg, and before the next breaker came they were safe.

It was now about three o'clock, and there was no chance for them to get home before morning; but they were too thankful to care much for that. There was a little house on the island, and they went to it, after making the boat secure, hoping to find shelter and perhaps food; but no one answered to their knocks and cries. Finally Tom tried the door. It was not locked, and he ventured first to look in and then to go in. A heap of shavings lay in one corner, some wood in another. Overhead were stowed some old ropes, flags, and canvas, and above the fire-place were painted the words, —

"HOPE ISLAND LIFE-SAVING STATION."

This explained that the house was one of many which are scattered along our coast, to shelter shipwrecked sailors. Tom hunted for some food, and found none; but he did find some water and some matches, which were very welcome. In a few minutes they had a roaring fire, which dried their wet clothes. Then they went out and hoisted a flag on a pole which had been erected for that purpose, and spent the rest of the day in thinking over their situation; wishing they had been better boys, and wondering how long they'd have to stay on the island. When night came they curled up on the shavings; and Tom for once made a solemn and sincere prayer, which made him feel better. Little Billy cried himself to sleep. When they woke in the morning they were fearfully hungry; but there was no help for it: they had to content themselves with water and wishing, which was hard fare for two hearty boys. In addition to their other misfortunes, Billy had lost his Sunday jacket in the sea, and Tom his knife, and both had lost their shoes. Billy's pants were torn, and Tom's ankle was sprained.

The wind had changed in the night, but they were afraid to take to the water again, in a leaky boat; and so they sat on the shore several hours, although it seemed like all day, — hungry, anxious, bruised, and sorry.

They saw many sails pass in the distance, but their flag waved in vain. At last they noticed a small boat making directly for the island. Then Tom was overjoyed, and, when it came near enough for him to see the familiar faces of Captain Baker and Lyman James, he swung his hat and danced, actually forgetting his lame ankle.

The rest of the story is quickly told. Captain Baker had been so much pleased with the attentions shown by Lyman to his sick sailor, that he invited him to come on Monday morning and take a sail with him

across the bay. On arriving at the wharf, Lyman heard of Tom's disappearance, and was first to tell the story of the shawl sail. The captain started at once on a search, and, with true sailor instinct, followed the course he thought a boat rigged like the "Lively Polly" would have taken when driven before the wind in a squall; while others were only searching for a mile or two along the shore. As for Billy, he too had been missed; but no one suspected he had been in the boat with Tom, until Captain Baker landed him on the wharf. It was a good lesson in honesty and obedience for both lads, and it effectually cured Tom of Sabbath-breaking: for he felt that, if he had chosen another day, he could have had a more helpful companion; and, if he had not practised deceit in the matter of the sail, he would not have blown out to sea.

The moral of all this is, "Be honest and above-board, boys, and undertake nothing which you can't do with a clear conscience."

DREAMING AND DOING.

ARTHUR ARCHER and Luke Linger were cousins, and were both of the same age. They went to the same day-school, and began to learn ciphering in the same quarter. Two years passed away, by which time Arthur had finished the rule-of-three, and was ready to begin practice, while Luke was scarcely able to work a sum in division.

When breaking-up day came, and the half-yearly prizes were given, Arthur Archer received a nicely-bound volume of natural history; while Luke Linger was so low in good marks as not to be entitled to any reward.

"How vexing it is!" said Luke. "I *meant* to have got forward, but somehow every thing is against me."

"That excuse will not do, Master Linger," said his tutor; "it is quite plain to me that you have not done your best. While others were working, you were idling away your time. You must persevere, Luke, if you intend to be a scholar. Learning will not drop into a dreamer's mouth."

Arthur and Luke had an uncle, Farmer Hodges, who invited them to spend a week at his house in their midsummer holidays. As they lived in town, they looked forward to the expected visit to the country with great delight.

Uncle Hodges was an old-fashioned farmer. He wore a red waistcoat, always rose

with the lark, worked as hard as any laborer in the fields, and never was absent from his pew on Sunday; and then, too, he was a kind-hearted and truly Christian man.

On the first morning of their visit at the farm, their uncle took them into his rickyard and orchard, showed them his new barn, and pointed out the finest of his horses, cows, and sheep. He then promised that, if they would get up early the next morning, he would take them to Brook Meadow, where the haymakers were busy at work, and then, perhaps, for a ride to Hightop Hill.

On the morrow Arthur was up and ready before the clock struck six; and was down in the farm-yard, looking at the pigeons as they flew around the old elm-trees, until Uncle Hodges joined him. They waited some time for Luke, but, as he did not make his appearance, they set off without him.

Luke lay dreaming in bed till nearly seven, and when he got up he seemed in no hurry to make his way downstairs. At length he appeared, and went out into the cross-road to see if he could find his uncle and Arthur; but, before he had walked one hundred yards, he saw them on their way home, both mounted on ponies. They had first been to the hay-fields, and afterwards for a pleasant ride. Luke at once saw that, by his delay, he had lost a treat; while Arthur had got a good appetite for his breakfast and a fresh glow of health on his cheeks.

"How vexed I am, uncle!" cried Luke; "I quite *meant* to have gone with you to the hay-fields."

"It is all very well, Luke," said Farmer Hodges, "so far as it goes, to intend doing a thing; but a bushel of good intentions is not worth a penny unless they end in good actions."

This was not the only time during the visit that the farmer found out the failing and folly of his nephew, in wishing when he should have been acting, and dreaming when he should have been doing.

One afternoon Farmer Hodges found Arthur and Luke on a seat in the garden, talking rather loudly.

"Well, my lads," said he, "what is the matter now?"

"Why, uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wish I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and orchard, and sheep and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

"Dreaming and wishing again," said the farmer; "that way won't do, Luke; you must try another. Idle wishes are like weeds, which sometimes show their heads on my land; but I root them out, or they would soon spoil my profits."

That evening, as the farmer opened his large-print Bible at family worship, he said, looking at the same time at his nephews, "If wishing and intending without doing be a bad plan for the things of this world, it is still worse for the great concerns of the world to come. 'The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.'"

Early Days.

LORD CHATHAM'S ADVICE.

THE distinguished Earl Chatham said to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can never make progress in any thing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself.'"

"EVER as the dear Lord wills; He knoweth best."

THE SICK DOLL.

THE RABBITS' HOME.

RATHER a noisy home it was that Mrs. Rabbit chose for her little ones, — a hole by the side of a railroad sleeper. But I suppose they got used to the rushing, rumbling cars, and did not mind them.

Sometimes Mrs. Rabbit would take her little family out for a play. When the cars came in sight, the rabbits would all run into their hole, and wait till all was still. Then out they would come for another play.

The rabbits did not stay in that home long. Soon they were missed. Perhaps they found another home, in a more quiet place.

THE WIDOWED DOLL.

MRS. MOPES is a widow, and is in very feeble health; but she did not become an invalid until after the sudden death of her husband. She was a rosy wax doll, with plump arms, when she moved out of the dollar store into Etta's home and was named Queen Victoria; and, except that one ear was cracked and the end of her nose worn black, she was not much the worse for wear when Prince Albert came to board at the same house, on one cold New Year's eve. A few days later they were married, and seated upon a throne made with a low chair on a soap box, and neatly covered with a velvet cape. Each wore a costly crown, cut from gold paper, and had a pen-holder wound with gold paper for a sceptre.

They lived very happily for just six months, and then Prince Albert came to a sad end. Before that he had not even been sick, except with slight colds when he had been left out on the grass over night; but he was left out just once too often.

Miss Etta thought of him after she got into bed, and rose very early, in great anxiety; but she was too late to save his life, for Ponto had been playing with him for over an hour. His Scotch frock was in rags, both legs were torn off, and the sawdust was pouring from a big hole in his side.

Etta took a broom, and ran to save her pet; but Ponto could run faster, and so kept at a safe distance, shaking poor Prince Albert and making the sawdust fly, and giving no heed to Etta's screams and tears, until she cornered him near the fish pond. Then he tried to swim across with Prince Albert in his mouth, but Etta threw the broom after him, and hit his back so hard that he let go of the doll with a yelp. Alas for Etta! Prince Albert had a heavy china head, and was so faint from the loss of sawdust that he could not swim. He went at once to the

bottom, and his little mistress came into the house in despair.

After this loss, Queen Victoria was broken-hearted. Her mistress put away her gold crown, dressed her in black, and changed her name to Mrs. Mopes. Soon the wax began to crack and peel from her face till it looked rough and red, like fever or measles, and her fat arms became ugly sticks, as you see in the picture. Etta's mother thought it was because she was a dollar-store doll; but Etta said it was caused by grief, and so did Doctor Robbie.

Mrs. Mopes has the best of care; for Doctor Robbie calls on her every day, and his patient wooden horse draws cart-loads of medicine. A few weeks ago he advised a plenty of fresh air and herb tea. He helped Etta to set four poles in the ground, and her mother lent her an old table-cloth, which makes a fine awning. Little Josie is a great help to her sister, for she brings herbs by the basket-full. The doctor thinks Mrs. Mopes's cheeks begin to have a better color; but he shakes his head, and says he doubts if her pipe-stem arms ever fat up again.

You may think Ponto got a fine whipping when his mistress caught him; but he did not. Etta's father said that the loss served her right, because she did not take good care of her playthings, and that she should not punish Ponto for her own carelessness. It was a good lesson, too; for Mrs. Mopes has not slept on the grass once since that time.

Ponto is now forgiven, and sits by, looking very sober and innocent, when the doctor comes to see Mrs. Mopes; but I am afraid he does not feel sorry. I really believe that he would tear Mrs. Mopes in pieces also, if she should be left in his reach.

Do you blame Mrs. Mopes for feeling sad? I do not! I think Etta is feeling much more hopeful than she did, for she has heard that the fish pond is to be emptied and cleaned this fall, and then she may find Prince Albert's china head and fit a new body to it; but even then I do not think Mrs. Mopes will recover her good looks. Do you?

UNCLE NAT.

THE COMPLAINING DAFFODIL.

"OH, I am so weary!" said Daffodil,
"Lying so long here, so quiet and still,
With nothing to do
The whole summer through
But drink in sunshine, the rain, and the dew.

If I could learn how to warble and sing,
As robins and larks do in early spring,
Or could fly, like bee,
From daisy to tree,
How very happy I then should be!"

"But why are you idle?" said Robin Red
(Who happened to hear what the Daffy said);
"If you cannot sing
In the early spring,
Then why not accomplish some better thing?

You can leaf out and keep growing and bloom,
And fill all the air with your rich perfume,
And not idle sit
Complaining, or fret
Because you can't fly or sing a bit."

"Please take a pattern," said Honey-Bee,
"Take a pattern from Robin and me.
Did ever you hear
(*Of course not, my dear*)
Any complainings from us up here?

We mind our business, and work, work, work,
'Tis only idlers that grumble and shirk.
Don't sit there and stare,
But breathe in the air,
And send out your blossoms, so fragrant and fair.

God gives to every one something to do;
Something adapted to me and to you.
You bloom in the sun;
I sing till day's done:
The good Father knows what is best for each one."

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

GRASPING THE APPLE.

A TAP was heard at the door, and then Miss Manners, the Sunday teacher, entered, with that kindly smile which made her presence welcome as that of the sunshine.

"Good day to you, my young friends. Annie, how is your mother?" asked the lady.

"Mother is doing very well, I thank you, miss," answered Annie, hastily wiping from Tommy's face the traces of big tears, and darting a vexed glance at Bessy's untidy dress; for the girl was anxious that all should appear neat and nice while she was in charge of her mother's cottage. Things were not, however, as they should be.

The lady guessed how matters stood in Mrs. Pine's cottage, — that there was a little, impatient nurse, and troublesome, disobedient children. Annie's only way of keeping her charges in order was by sharp words and sharper blows; and this kind of treatment was injuring their temper as well as her own. Miss Manners made no observation, however, but sent Annie into the inner room to see if Mrs. Pine would like a visit, and, seating herself on a chair, took little Tommy on her knees, and spoke a few kind words to Bessy.

"Mother's just dropping to sleep," said Annie, returning. "She and the baby have been roused half-a-dozen times this morning by these noisy children, whom I could not turn out because of the rain. Tommy and Bessy would not be quiet; I've to be at them morning, noon, and night!"

"She's al'ays a hitting us, and scolding us, and banging us about," whimpered Tommy.

It was clear to Miss Manners that there had been faults on both sides, and that Annie had not proved equal to the task of managing children, as she had shown neither wisdom nor love. She therefore quietly observed in reply to Tommy's complaint, "I daresay that you find it hard to keep still, and Annie finds it as hard to make you do so; yet you both wish, I am sure, for dear mother to sleep and get well, and to have every thing go on nicely while she is not able to watch you. Suppose now, as I see that the rain has just come on again, suppose that I should help to amuse you in a quiet way by telling you a little story that I read yesterday in a clever book."

There was no danger of the children being noisy now, a story was to them as amusing as a romp; and Annie, as she saw how quiet and good they both looked, wished that the lady could come every day, and stop all day long at the cottage.

"Not many years ago," said Miss Manners, "a clever man, named Mehemet Ali, ruled in Egypt. You know something about

Egypt from the Bible," she added, addressing herself to Annie.

"Oh, yes," replied her young pupil; "it was in Egypt that the Israelites were in bondage, and it was there that Moses was born, and put in the little ark by the river."

"This Mehemet Ali," continued the lady, "was determined to send forces to subdue Arabia, a country where many of the people are fierce and wild, and where it is often difficult to get supplies of food and water in the hot sandy deserts. Every thing was arranged for the expedition, but it was not yet known who would command the army which was to march against the wild tribes of Arabia.

"Mehemet Ali (so the story goes) took a strange way to choose a general to lead his forces. He called together his dark courtiers and officers, and received them in a room in which there was a carpet, with nothing on it but a single apple placed in the middle.

"'Now,' said the Egyptian ruler, 'he who can reach and hand to me that apple, without letting his feet touch the carpet upon which it lies, that man shall be my general, and command the army that I am sending to subdue Arabia.'"

"Oh, how funny it was to choose a general that way!" cried Bessy.

"I can't think how a man's picking up an apple could show that he could conquer a country," said Annie.

"I'd have picked it up in a moment, and eaten it too!" exclaimed Tommy.

"You would not have found that so easy to do as you think," said Miss Manners. "The carpet was a large one; and it was no such simple matter to reach the apple without setting a foot on the carpet."

"I'd have lain down on it, and put out my hands very far, only keeping my two feet outside," observed Annie.

"That is exactly what the Egyptians did," said the lady. "Down went the courtiers, lying at full length on the carpet, stretching out their arms as far as they could to grasp at the apple,"

"Oh, wouldn't I have liked to see them kicking up their heels!" laughed Tommy.

"But all their stretching and straining was in vain. The longest arms amongst them all were not long enough to touch Mehemet Ali's round apple."

"I think," observed Annie, "that the Egyptian prince was mocking at all his poor officers."

"Then forward came Ibrahim Pasha, the adopted son of Mehemet Ali. He was a short stout man, so that the courtiers burst out laughing when he said that he could get the apple without putting a foot on the carpet."

"If the big men couldn't do it, the little man couldn't do it," observed Bessy.

"They who have not long arms may have long heads, my dear child; a little patience and consideration will often enable us to overcome difficulties which at first seemed too great for our powers. Ibrahim Pasha did not throw himself flat on his face and try to make himself bigger by stretching; but he stooped down, bent in the edge of the carpet, and began rolling it up gently, gradually, round and round, till at last, without having ever touched it with his feet, he had curled it up so far that he could easily reach the apple, grasp it, and hand it to the Viceroy of Egypt."

"Oh, wasn't he clever?" cried Tommy.

"And was he made general?" asked Bessy.

"Yes; so the story goes. Ibrahim Pasha was made commander of the forces sent against the ruler of Arabia. His manner of picking up the apple had shown him to be a man of intelligence, who in a position of difficulty would be likely to find his way

cleverly out of his troubles. Ibrahim Pasha's conduct when he invaded Arabia — his manner of subduing that country — reminds one much of rolling up the carpet, and he grasped victory at last, just as he had grasped the little round apple."

"He couldn't roll up a country like a carpet," cried Bessy, wondering what the lady could mean.

"No, not exactly," said the lady, with a smile; "but he rolled up his difficulties as he went along. Instead of plundering the natives of the land, burning down their houses, cutting down their fruit-trees, and leaving bitter enemies behind him wherever he went, as is the way with too many conquerors, Ibrahim Pasha set about his work in his own quiet, sensible way. He was careful to keep his troops in good order; he paid for all that they ate; the poor Arabs found themselves so well treated that, instead of lying in wait to attack the Egyptians, they were willing to come and sell food in the camp."

"It must be hard to get enough to feed thousands and thousands of hungry soldiers," said Annie.

"It is hard indeed," replied Miss Manners. "Fierce, cruel conquerors, who have laid waste the countries through which they marched, have sometimes been sorely punished at last, by finding their own men starving in the desert which they themselves had made. But Ibrahim Pasha was wiser. He made friends instead of enemies; he had peasants bringing him food, instead of wretched ruined men attacking him from behind while he was engaged with foes in front. He won at length complete success; and Mehemet Ali had reason to be glad that he had chosen as his general the short stout man who had had the sense to reach the apple by gently rolling up the carpet."

"What a funny little story!" cried Tommy.

"One that carries its lesson," said Miss Manners, glancing kindly at Annie. "We sometimes have some object to attain, as the courtiers had the apple, which we cannot reach by impatient efforts, however hard we may struggle and strain, while a little quiet management may give us complete success. When we have to deal with others, as Ibrahim with the Arabs, we must not unnecessarily stir up a spirit of opposition, but try to gain influence by winning hearts. There are some whom a smile will subdue better than a blow. And, oh, surely it more becomes a Christian to show that gentle charity *which suffereth long and is kind*, and so be able to ask and hope for a blessing from Heaven, than by giving way to temper set an evil example, and make the fatal mistake of trying to govern only by fear."

Miss Manners's hint was not lost upon Annie, who saw that her efforts to keep order had hitherto been like the struggles of Mehemet Ali's courtiers as they lay on the carpet, straining to grasp at the apple beyond their reach. As she had used the powers of her mind to master a lesson, so she must bring the same powers to bear on the yet more useful task of trying to make children both happy and good. Annie had seen how quiet Bessy and Tommy had kept while the lady was talking to them; there had been no need of scolding or a slap. Could not their sister also try to win the apple by rolling up the carpet?

When Miss Manners had left the cottage, Annie turned with a good-humored smile to Tommy, who was beginning to make a noise by hammering on the table with a big stone.

"Come, Tommy dear," she said, "suppose that, instead of hammering, you try to be useful and help poor sister, who has so much to do, you know. You and I both like to see the cottage look nice, and please dear mother, who loves us so much."

"I like to please mother, but I can't do nothing," said the child, hammering again.

"Oh, you can do more than you think. Suppose that you play at being a woodman, and pick up all those sticks that are lying about and littering the floor, and make them up into a little stack in that corner."

"Oh, yes," cried the boy, dropping the stone, "I like to play at woodman; I'll make such a jolly little stack!"

"And what can I do?" asked Bessy, who was eager to be useful also, if she could be amused at the same time.

"Let me see, — if Tommy plays at being woodman, you shall play at being the woodman's wife, who must keep things tidy at home. Here's an old towel to use: see where the gruel has been spilt, mind that you wipe it up carefully; don't let Tommy find a spot, rub the table till it shines. I must play at being washerwoman, for I've all these things to wring out. Let us see which of us three will be most quiet and most busy. If we all do our work well, I'll read to you a pretty story out of my prize-book before you go to bed."

In another minute Bessy was diligently cleaning up where Tommy had spilt the gruel, and Tommy on his hands and knees was picking up the sticks which Bessy had scattered. "Idleness is the mother of Mischief;" and Annie found that, as long as the mother could be kept from the cottage, the daughter also remained outside. But she had to use a little tact and skill in finding out occupations that the children could turn into play, and make them more pleasant by smiles, and words of praise, and trifling rewards. It was a treat — because made so to the little ones — to be allowed to shell beans, string buttons, or rub up pewter spoons till they looked "like silver." "Am I not very useful now?" was a question often asked and answered with a cheerful smile; and Annie found that the plan of leading by love was more successful as well as more pleasant than that of driving by blows.

Should this little tale fall into the hands of any girls or boys that have to look after children, it may give them a useful hint to try patience and management where rough treatment will not succeed; it will make their own hearts happier, as well as those of their poor little charges, if they follow Ibrahim's plan of reaching the apple by gently rolling up the carpet.

A. L. O. E. in The Children's Paper.

HUMOROUS.

A SCHOOLMASTER one winter morning asked a boy who, just in from snowballing, was blowing his fingers, the Latin for "cold." "I can't exactly think now," he replied, "but I have it at my fingers' ends."

AN Irishman, asked what was meant by an author's posthumous works, answered that they were the books an author wrote after he was dead.

ETTIE, six years old, was going to bed one night in mosquito time, "Be a good girl always," said her mother, "and the angels will come and watch around your bed while you sleep." "I know it, mamma," said Ettie. "I heard them singing all around my head last night."

A CLERGYMAN, meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said, "This is quite a stormy day, my son." "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked, if he ever knew of any *other* than a wet rain. "I never knew personally of any other," returned the boy; "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a very wet rain."

LITTLE WILLIE sometimes says very odd things. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said, "O mother, I'm *full of glory!* There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I *swallowed* it!"

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

THE children come and list with upturned faces,
While we the story tell
Of God whose tender care the world embraces,
Of Christ who loves them well.

They come to us to hear the old, old story,
To learn the way of light
From us, — while we ourselves the path of glory
Know not to walk aright.

Our souls are dark with doubt and disbelieving,
Our light burns very dim;
Their souls, the knowledge of his love receiving,
Are very near to him.

Can we teach *them* on self and sin to trample,—
We, wandering, weak, defiled?
Teach *them*, when as humanity's example
Christ placed a little child?

Teach them! 'Twere well that we were learning rather
The purity and grace
Of them, who e angels near the heavenly Father
Ever behold his face.

Each child a star, to us the way revealing
Towards him, the meek and mild;
And students of the deepest lore are kneeling
Before a little child. H. T.

July, 1875.

EVERY art is best taught by example.

HE who avoids the temptation is sure to escape the sin.

THY counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.

Puzzles.

24.

ACROSTIC.

A WELL known fruit we all enjoy;
A name we often call a boy;
The apostle that most did doubt;
A tree that gives its poison out;
The address we all a lady give;
The state of things in which we live;
Sometimes applied to quicken drones;
Rulers are they who sit on thrones;
Emblem of hope eternal, sure;
To keep it, live a life most pure;
Where brightly dawns the early day;
Not too much thought of it, I pray.
Now downward read, and thus behold
What glow for you in red and gold.

25.

BEHEADED PUZZLE.

The boy was found so far ——;
They wondered how he could so ——;
They brought his food upon a ——;
Of sunlight there was not a——.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

22. — V ale S
A g E
C am P
A n T
T re E
I nter-regnu M
O r B
N iob E
S ca R

Vacations — September.

23. — 1. Glass. 2. Pear. 3. Lark.

4. It is, perhaps, quite worth the *knowing*
That not a bird can fly with *no wing*;
It is also true, to whate'er *owing*,
No bird can upward soar with one *wing*.

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